

The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1947.



THE "EDITH DEANS" MEMORIAL TROPHY.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 87.

JULY, 1947.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

SONIA SHORE, CYNTHIA BARTLETT, JOSEPHINE FINDON, EADIE I., GRAY I.,
PRESTIDGE, WAINWRIGHT, STEVENI II.

EDITORIAL.

Our first duty must be to express our regret for a number of misprints—fortunately none of them serious—which appeared in our last issue. At the time of going to press we knew that there would be great difficulties, but it came as a shock to us to learn that the RECORD could not be published at all last term, unless we were prepared to forgo the correction of proofs. We had no choice in the matter, and we do feel that it is a great tribute to the care and accuracy of our printers that the mistakes were so few.

We hope our readers will like the two plates which are included in the present number of the magazine. The school is very grateful to the Old Scholars Guild for the handsome Cup which it has presented as a memorial to Miss Deans. It seemed, therefore, only fitting that a photograph of this trophy should serve as the frontispiece on this occasion. The cup can also be seen in the hands of its first holder, in the photograph of the group of Sports Day winners, which appears at the end of the magazine.

Another article in the series "On choosing a Career" will be found on a later page. Previous articles appeared in No. 79 (Pharmacy, by C. L. Sanders), No. 81 (Accountancy, by B. Walker) and No. 86 (The Law). It is hoped to include in succeeding issues the most up-to-date information on the entry upon other careers.

At the end of July, Miss E. E. Evans will be leaving A.G.S., as she is retiring from teaching. An appreciation of Miss Evans's work during her thirty-five years as a member of the staff will appear in our December issue.

During war-time, it has been the practice to present a certificate and Savings stamps in lieu of bronze and silver medals, to winners in the Sports and in Arts and Crafts competitions. As medals are once again obtainable, the school is now prepared to make them available for those entitled to them. So anyone who received a half-crown savings stamp in place of a bronze medal, will be supplied with a bronze medal at

the price of half-a-crown. Anyone who received five shillings in savings stamps (the equivalent of a silver medal) may obtain a silver medal on payment of ten shillings, which, owing to the purchase tax of a hundred per cent. on precious metals, is the price that the school has now to pay for it ; there is, it must be pointed out, no fund in the school, from which this extra five shillings can be defrayed. Will those who wish to obtain their medals in this way, send the appropriate sum, together with the printed certificate of award to the Headmaster.

It has come to our knowledge that one or two Old Scholars have felt aggrieved because no invitation has been sent to them for Sports Day. The Headmaster wishes to make it clear that no separate invitations are sent to Old Scholars, since they are regarded as members of the school, and as such are always very welcome, without invitation at such functions. Old Scholars who are parents of present scholars receive invitations, of course, like other parents.

Finally, the secretary of the Old Scholars' Guild has asked us to make an announcement that pupils leaving school who are wishing to join the Guild, may obtain information from the School. Application should be made to Mr. Druller, who has been supplied with pamphlets which give all necessary particulars.

THE SCHOOL REGISTER.

Valete.

*Hemming, B. E. (VI), 1941-47.	Handy, R. C. D. (Upp. IVa), 1942-47.
*Irving, J. M. (VI), 1939-47.	Peck, R. R. (Upp. IVa), 1946-47.
*Morris, D. M. (VI), 1941-47.	Bird, D. (Upp. IVc), 1944-47.
Howes, C. M. (Low. Va), 1941-47.	Taylor, C. E. (Upp. IVc), 1944-47.
Knight, B. (Low. Vb), 1946-47.	Skinner, J. E. (Rem.), 1941-47.

* Prefect.

There have been 310 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD.

Hon. Secretary :	President :	Hon. Treasurer :
P. E. WHEELER.	J. S. C. WRIGHT.	E. A. FINNEMORE, J.P.

It is now almost a year since plans were made for the revival of the Guild, and it is pleasant to review what has been achieved. Membership of the Guild is now over ninety in number ; its finance is on quite a sound basis and even more heartening is the renewal of interest in the Guild by Old Scholars generally. All this has been brought about by the hard work and splendid enthusiasm of the Committee, and so that recognition of their efforts may be officially placed on record a small appreciation has been written and appears at the end of this report.

While on the subject of the Committee, it is perhaps as well to mention that, as time goes on, it will become essential to find fresh members for the Committee. It is very much hoped that the Guild will not find itself in the predicament of a few years ago, when Old Scholars who were prepared to do a turn in office simply could not be found.

On Sports Day, the Old Scholars paid their tribute to the memory of the late Miss Deans. This tribute took the form of a memorial cup to be known as "The Edith Deans Memorial Trophy" and was presented to the school, to be awarded annually, to the scholar scoring the highest marks in the Arts and Crafts Competition.

On Wednesday, 4th June, the Guild played the School at Cricket. The game was thoroughly enjoyed and resulted in a win for the Old Scholars by 24 runs ; the school obtaining 94 for 8 wickets (declared) and the Guild 118 all out. A very sporting declaration on the part of the School Captain made the game exciting and the result was in doubt to the end. The following represented the Guild : S. Wright (Captain), F. Woodfield, G. Baylis, G. Collins, K. Woods, R. Down, J. Allen, F. Shrimpton, D. Moizer, W. Devey and P. Wheeler.

The Committee are pleased to report that the subscription list opened for the presentation to Miss Evans was most generously supported and to-date the magnificent sum of £80 has been received.

Summer Reunion. Saturday, 19th July, 1947.

The Committee has sent an invitation to attend the above Reunion to every Old Scholar, whose address was available and by the time this Magazine is to hand, replies will have been received from those who intend to come.

At this Reunion, the Guild will bid farewell to Miss Evans, who, as its guest of honour, will attend for the last time in her capacity as a member of the Staff. During the proceedings, the Guild will make its presentation to Miss Evans and tributes will be paid to her great work.

The Committee, 1946—1947 : An Appreciation.

Chairman : Geoffrey Baylis (Scholar 1915—1923).

Vice-Chairman : Mabel Feast (*nee* Whitehouse) (1914—1918).

The passing of the years has in no way dimmed their enthusiasm in all matters affecting the Old Scholars' Guild. Their wise counsel and great patience has guided the Committee of the Guild through many anxious and difficult moments during the various stages of the revival of the Guild. Their work is acknowledged with gratitude.

Members of the Committee :—Rose Bunting (1920—1931), Myra Welch (*nee* Winwood) (1937—1940), Ruth Mason (1937—1943), Pam Cresswell (1935—1942), Roland Hunt (1931—1935), John Huxley (1931—1940) and Janet Hill (1935—1940).

The Guild will never die so long as there can be found a Committee such as this. The meetings of the Committee have been very frequent, but despite distance and atrocious weather, rarely was a member absent. Their enthusiasm has never waned and their loyalty to the Guild and School has never faltered. No higher tribute can be paid than to say it has been a pleasure to work with them. P.E.W.

The Committee wish to place on record their gratitude to Pat Wheeler, who has been untiring in his exertions to promote the fortunes of the Guild. He has spared neither time nor effort, and has lightened the work of the Committee immensely, by his personal labours. To have such an energetic secretary, any Committee could count themselves fortunate.

G.P.B.

BIRTHS.

On March 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Henderson (*nee* Mollie Bryan)—a son.

On March 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Gibbs (*nee* Nellie Hill)—a daughter.

On March 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scriven—a daughter.

On April 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Heath—a daughter.

On April 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Beal (*nee* Nancy Barton)—a son.

On May 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blackmore—a daughter.

On May 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. W. Coleman—a daughter.

On May 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. M. Ison—a daughter.

On June 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Clarke (*nee* Gillian Fifield)—a daughter.

On June 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Tiam-Fook (*nee* Pauline Field)—a daughter.

On June 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Clark (*nee* Vivien Wright)—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On February 22nd, at Mappleborough Green, Gordon R. Wilkes (scholar 1937—1941), to Ellen Elizabeth Stockley.

On March 19th, at Arrow, John Fisher (scholar 1926—1931), to Betty Susan Price (scholar 1932—1936).

On March 22nd, at Coughton, Ian C. Robinson (scholar 1935—1940) to Sheila K. M. Wilkes (scholar 1941—1943).

On April 15th, at Inkberrow, John T. Harper (scholar 1919—1923) to Dorothy A. Savage (scholar 1935—1943).

On May 17th, at Salford Priors, Charles Oxley Smithin to Alma Lloyd (scholar 1923—1929).

On May 23rd, at London, Philip Arthur Platten to Margaret Tombs (scholar 1932—1934).

On June 4th, at Penrith, Donald Edwin Gordon Richards (scholar 1929—1935) to Dorothy Sweeten.

On June 5th, at Nottingham, Derek G. W. Collett (scholar 1933—1943) to Margaret Shenton.

On June 9th, at Studley, John Henry Sutor (scholar 1936—1941) to Mary D. Wilson.

DEATHS.

On August 7th, 1946, at Ashchurch, Eric J. Rogers (scholar 1932—1935), aged 25 years.

On April 7th, at Buckingham, William Edward Corbett (scholar 1912—1914), aged 47 years.

On May 6th, at Birmingham, Peter Bird (scholar 1921—1926) aged 36 years.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS.

G. H. Figures (scholar 1937—1938) spent two years during the war in Burma and Java. He has now been demobilised and is expecting to be admitted to college soon, under the emergency training scheme for teachers.

K. B. L. Bailey (scholar 1928—1934) has been elected a Fellow of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute (F.A.I.) and has become a partner in the firm of Shaw, Gilbert & Co., on Cannon Street, Birmingham.

A. G. Toye (scholar 1938—1945) is now in the R.A.F.

Myra Parry (*nee* Jones) (scholar 1929—1936) has been awarded a merit certificate in the Advanced Senior piano division and a prize for Senior theory, for which she obtained an honours certificate—in recent Trinity College examinations. While at A.G.S. she was a pupil of Mr. Bates.

D. R. Gwynne-Jones (scholar 1925—1932) who, during the war, attained the rank of major and commanded a company of the R.I.A.S.C. in India, is now on the staff of Bloxham School.

A. J. Rook (scholar 1923—1924) was a member of a team which took three Austin Sixteens on a thousand miles "good-will tour" through Western Europe, starting on March 13th, at Oslo and finishing at Geneva, on March 20th.

Kathleen Wilson (scholar 1937—1944) has become President of the Women's Union, at Durham University.

Winifred Kessey (scholar 1927—1931) is a member of the British Mission—with its headquarters in Cairo—which is clearing up Army surpluses in the whole of the Middle East. She is personal assistant to a Colonel and is liable to be posted to any part of the Middle East, as the Mission has out-stations in such places as Palestine, Greece, Malta, Baghdad and Khartoum.

J. Hadwen (scholar 1941—1944) who is in the Fleet Air Arm, is now on his way to Eastern waters.

D. G. Mortimer (scholar 1942—1945) appears from a recent letter, to be having a very interesting time on board a sloop, in the Pacific Ocean. He writes of experiences in places as far apart as Japan, Hong Kong and Singapore. He was in Japan during a severe earthquake.

R. J. Walton (scholar 1930—1941) has obtained second class honours in Mathematics, in his B.A. degree at Cambridge University.

D. A. Yapp (scholar 1937—1944) has obtained first class honours in Chemistry at Birmingham University.

M. E. Goodall (scholar 1937—1944) has been awarded a first class B.A. at Sheffield University.

K. M. Wilson (scholar 1937—1944) has obtained her B.A. degree at Durham University.

BANKING, AS A CAREER.

Every career has its advantages and disadvantages, and its good points and bad points. Personal temperament and ideals must inevitably play a part in any choice of a career. It is with these provisos in mind that we consider "Banking" as a possible career.

The Oxford School Certificate terminates the education of many of us and so it is gratifying to state at once that a good Certificate will be accepted by all the Banks as a qualifying standard. Neither is one asked to pay a substantial sum by way of entrance fee, as is often the case with the other professions. Thus, viewed from these two angles, Banking is quite an attractive proposition.

The Bank has its own examinations held under the auspices of the Institute of Bankers. This is not the place to discuss the subjects in which one is examined. It is sufficient to say that the examinations consist of two parts, Part I. and Part II.; tuition fees are quite low and indeed it is the policy of the Banks to encourage those with ambition, by offering substantial cash awards to their employees on passing each part of the Examination. These awards are well in excess of the entrance and tuition fees, so that in taking the examinations one not only acquires invaluable knowledge cheaply, but there is the added incentive of financial gain. The examinations can be taken at one's convenience, for there is only a nominal time limit imposed by the Bank; but it is best to tackle them at an early stage, while the brain is fertile and outside commitments are less numerous.

The salary scale for Bank clerks commences in rather a poor way and despite intensive efforts to revise it and bring it into line with the cost of living index, it still compares unfavourably with many other careers. This is brought home to the young bank clerk quite forcibly by virtue of the fact that he is frequently required to live away from home. As time passes, the picture takes on a more pleasant aspect, but not everyone is prepared to endure such stringent conditions, even temporarily. Another disappointing factor is the slow rate of promotion. Examinations, though vital to advancement, are not in themselves sufficient and one must acquire a large measure of efficiency through years of routine "slogging," before one becomes eligible for the "plums" of the profession. The Bank asks for intelligence, rather than brilliance; for integrity, rather than initiative, and a capacity to work rapidly and accurately.

On the other hand, the Bank offers security in the form of an excellent superannuation scheme; annual holidays with pay, commencing with a fortnight and rising with service,

to a month ; and as we have said, a low salary to commence, but quite a respectable one in later years and one on which it is possible to live well and comfortably. Banking is essentially a safe, " solid " career.

These then are the salient points of the Banking profession and, assuming that your choice is made in its favour, we must now tell you how to enter the golden, or rather gilded, gates !! And you will also wish to know the effect National Service will have on the issue.

The first step is to write to the Manager of the local branch of the Bank of your choice and state your case. The Manager will in all probability ask you to call and see him personally and he will advise you as to the manner of making a written application for forwarding to his Head Office. If this stage is successfully negotiated, you will be asked to go for an interview with the District Staff Controller—the exact procedure varies with each Bank—and if you satisfy him as to your qualifications, your general appearance is pleasing and your references are sound, you will in all probability be accepted.

In the event of your being called up for National Service, you will have your reinstatement rights, which guarantee your further employment on the termination of your National Service for at least six months. Whether or not you eventually become a member of the permanent staff, is difficult to say at present, but each case will be judged on its own merits, so that if you show ability and take an interest in the examinations of the Institute, you will stand a very good chance.

One last word. Not everyone who enters a Bank becomes a Bank Manager ; very few make a fortune, but there is a good living, pleasant conditions for working and security on retirement.

S. G. BIDDLE.

THE SMUGGLER'S SONG.

Oh, for the wild wet sting of the spray,
The spindrift whistling aft.
Oh, for a moonless night in the bay,
With a stout-built smuggler craft.
Oh, for the ponderous surge of the sea
And the smack of the sail on the mast ;
That is the life for a man like me,
Till the anchor of life is cast.
Oh, for the grumbling roar of the surf,
The tossing longboat's prow :
Oh, for the sharp wild tang of the turf,
From Dartmoor's darkened brow :
Give us the iron-bound barrels of wine,
Virginia tobacco and lace :
Give us the good green light, the sign,
And tell us the time and place.

Then off for the moor at a good sharp trot,
Or a fight in the cove at night :
With the customs men an exchange of shot,
And the flash of the steel so bright.
The preventive men will never catch me
For we're off to sea on the tide,
As the moon breaks out and the wind is free,
And the "ballast" goes over the side.

Oh, for the song of the western wind,
When cutting through the shrouds :
Scudding away like a frightened hind,
Or one of the billowing clouds :
Away to France where the wine runs free,
Till we hoist again the mast.
There is the life for a man like me,
Till the anchor of life is cast.

W. P. McCARTHY (VI.).

NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

One wakes up at about seven o'clock, expecting to feel the delicious coolness of an early summer morning, to see the mists rolling away as the rising sun penetrates through, and the green grass sparkling with dew. Instead, one feels uncomfortably hot. The air is still and there is not even a suspicion of a breeze, and it is an actual relief to get out of bed.

Appetites are not keen. Food seems tasteless and hard to swallow. The milk turns sour, flies buzz round the table and will oblige no one by sticking to the fly-paper. The cat lies in the coolest place—on the tiles by the kitchen door—where she causes many to trip up.

One thinks of the hours that must be spent indoors, doing lessons and then of delightfully cool occupations, such as exploring the arctic regions, clearing away snow, bathing, eating strawberry ices and punting lazily down the river. Feet drag wearily to the 'bus stop. Windows are forced open as far as they will go during the journey and wearing blazers makes one think of Daniel and the fiery furnace. Was it the rhinoceros in one of Kipling's "Just So Stories" who used to unbutton his skin and discard it when he got too hot?

Hard concentration is out of the question. Tempers are shorter, noise in between lessons becomes louder, nearly driving one to distraction. Tennis courts are deserted, as pupils have neither the energy nor the desire to play. Milk is sour, dinner is the same as yesterday. The heat gets more and more oppressive. The roads are sticky with melted tar, the soles of one's feet seem to be shrivelling up. Gnats and numerous other insects take a liking to arms and legs. Farm labourers work stripped to the waist, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Cows stand under trees or up to their knees in pools. Horses swish their tails in an effort to drive away the clouds of flies.

Once back home, most articles of clothing are discarded. Homework is completed in a slap-dash fashion. Programmes on the radio are dry. It is too hot to play, too hot to read, too hot to lie down. The grass is withered and dry, the flowers droop, the strawberries are in danger of shrivelling up, young children become irritable and whimper with vexation at the least thing.

Evening draws on. Clouds begin to cover the setting sun, but they do not bring rain. Men walk round the garden watering their parched plants. The cuckoo, loth to go to sleep, utters his monotonous call. As one lies on the coverlet of one's bed, too hot to sleep, or dangles one's feet out of the bedroom window in an effort to get cool, one wonders if it will ever rain again, and as one watches the lightning flicker across the sky, one strains one's ears to hear just one drop of rain.

SONIA SHORE (Upp. Va.).

DIVING OPERATIONS.

On board the S.S. "Endeavour," a salvage ship sent to salvage the valuable cargo of a merchant ship sunk during the war, everything was ready for diving operations. The chief diver, Peters, clambered into the large diving-bell and one of the ship's hands tightly screwed on the lid. The phones and the oxygen supplies were tested and the boom was swung out.

The bell was slowly lowered into the depths of the ocean. Through the phones, Peters gave his directions, as he neared the sea bed, to Alexander, the second diver, who manned the phones on the ship. About sixty fathoms below the surface it was dark and Peters could not see anything for a few minutes. When his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, Peters could make out a dark mass over to his left. He gave directions to Alexander, "left . . . a bit more . . . steady . . . stop. Lower . . . steady . . . stop." From this position Peters could make out the wrecked hulk of a ship. Her hull was now rusty and jagged, but Peters could see that it was the ship he was looking for. He gave more directions, "left . . . steady . . . farther . . . stop. Up . . . stop." He took a closer look and exclaimed, "Gosh! Alexander, I think I can see part of the cargo." But no reply came. "Alexander! Alexander!" he repeated, but still no reply. At once Peters realized what had happened. The cables had been fouled by the jagged hull of the ship. Peters was trapped!

Unfortunately the oxygen feed had been cut and there was only the main cable holding. The oxygen soon became foul. Peters could hardly breathe as the pressure on his body increased. It was almost sending him mad. He battered on the sides of the bell, until his knuckles were skinned. Then suddenly all went blank. When Peters came to, he was lying on the deck, with the captain bending over him. "Take it easy, Peters," he said; "Alexander guessed you had found something and has gone down in the small bell to direct the grabs."

BRIDGES (Low. Vb.).

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Summer Term opened on Tuesday, April 15th and closes on Thursday, July 24th.

Although these notes are being written during a period of very warm weather, the tale of our troubles in the winter still remains to be completed. Hardly had the rooms in the new block been made habitable once more, when the district was swept by a blizzard, which, starting in the evening of March 4th, lasted right through the next day. On the 5th, we worked an improvised time table with some fifty pupils, but on the 6th and 7th, as road and rail transport in the district was suspended by reason of snow, the school was closed. We returned the following Monday to find conditions more normal, except that the Birmingham and Inkberrow bus routes were not yet cleared. In fact, no bus ran from Inkberrow to Alcester for nine school days in succession. Later in the week, a rapid thaw brought very bad flooding in Alcester and the surrounding area, and on the 14th, barely one-third of school was present. From this date until the 23rd, pupils living in the Welford district could not get to school because of the floods. A severe gale which raged on Sunday, March 16th and which caused considerable damage locally, left the school practically unscathed; it did, however, bring down the flag pole, which stood near the girls' gate.

On Tuesday, March 18th, by invitation of Sir Barry Jackson, members of the Sixth, with Miss Young, Miss Hicks and Mr. Druller, attended a special performance of "Doctor Faustus," at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre.

Miss M. Rastrick left the Staff at the end of last term.

At the closing assembly on Wednesday, March 26th, a presentation was made to Miss Chandler, on the occasion of her marriage. Her husband, Mr. F. Petherbridge, has this term filled the position on the staff vacated by Mr. L. T. Jackson.

Mr. P. Rutter joined the staff at the beginning of term.

On March 21st, members of the Sixth presented a performance of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in the hall, to an audience of Upper and Lower Five.

Football colours have been presented to Budden.

At the end of March, Gray i attended a short Economics course at Ashbridge (Bonar Law College), Berkhamstead.

On Thursday, April 24th, Upper Va, with Miss Young and Mr. Druller, visited Stratford-on-Avon for a performance of "Twelfth Night."

Advantage was taken of the fine weather early in the term to run off those Sports events which should have taken place in the Spring. In the senior Cross Country, McCarthy i came home an easy winner, while in the junior event, Paddock won a good race. McCarthy i also won a well-contested mile.

Eadie i has been accepted for entrance to Keble College, Oxford, and Zena Mason to Bedford College, London.

The afternoon of Wednesday, May 14th, was a busy one. Scientists of the Sixth and Upper Fifth, with Mr. Thornton and Mr. Hadwen, visited the Midland Tar Distillers' factory, at Oldbury; while members of Upper Four (b. and c.) went with Miss Young, Miss Hicks and Mr. Druller, to see "Romeo and Juliet," at Stratford-on-Avon.

Sonia Shore has been awarded a fountain pen, as a prize for handwriting, in a competition organised by the "Children's Newspaper."

Sports Day was Thursday, May 22nd.

Half term and Whitsuntide holidays were combined and held on Friday, Monday and Tuesday, May 23rd, 26th and 27th.

The School wishes to express its thanks to Mr. A. J. Gwinnett for his gift of the bell, which has on so many Sports days, summoned competitors to the starting points of the races.

Eadie i, has been awarded a Worcestershire County Major Scholarship.

On Wednesday, June 4th, members of Upper Vb, Lower V. (a. and b.) and part of Upper IVa, with Miss Young, Miss Hicks and Mr. Druller, travelled in coaches to Stratford-on-Avon, to see "The Tempest."

The oral examinations in French, for Oxford School and Higher School certificates, took place on Monday, June 9th and were conducted by Professor Whitfield.

As we have had no Biology teacher on the staff this term, Mrs. Tomlinson has visited the school one day each week, to instruct examination candidates.

One pound of drinking chocolate—a present from Canada—has been distributed to every boy and girl in the school.

The School Fiction Library. In our last issue, we made an urgent appeal for gifts (great or small) of books, to help to fill up the many gaps on our shelves. We are disappointed that the response to this appeal has been but moderate. But to those who have responded (some very generously) we here record the sincere thanks of the school. The donors are Miss Evans and Mrs. E. G. Hunt; K. Wilson, B. Collier, J. Jackson, K. Holmes, M. Prior, J. Jones, W. A. Partridge (Old Scholars); S. Budden, Dipple, Bannister, R. Kinnersley, Kinnersley, M. Rowland, Churchley, Vale i, R. Lawrence, Woodfield, D. Rose, A. Rutter, Gowers, Tarver, Crawford, Perkins, Reynolds and Shaw (present scholars). Once again we ask all our readers who have not yet responded to our appeal, to see if they have any books which they no longer need and which they consider suitable for the shelves of our library. A number of those shelves are still quite empty and even if we had the money to buy the books, those books are not at present obtainable. So all you readers of the RECORD, it is up to you to help us! Please send any gifts of books to Mr. Druller.

In a tennis match between the Staff and the Sixth, the Staff won by 24 sets to 6.

The Girls' fund raised by the sale of clothes and various oddments has now been closed. The sum of £6 10s. 0d. has been sent to Dr. Barnado's Homes.

S. T. tells us that the Sports shield that the Jackals won is called the Victor Dolorum.

An Upper Fifth language scholar has discovered a new type of clause: it is the Santa Clause.

J.P. states that the paraffins are a homergolus series.

The members of the Science Sixth inform us that their work is never done. How true!

VERSE—OR WORSE.

Sing, O Muse, of Britain's thews
 That, failing, bring yet more bad news,
 And lag behind in sport and coal,
 That know not how to reach the goal,
 The golden age that still we seek
 Of falling costs and five-day week,
 Of higher wages and yet more goods ;
 So U.S.A. and Bretton Woods
 Won't oust us from our Empire trade,
 Which certainly must never fade ;
 Unless those thews assistance have
 Support will fail the nearer Slav,
 And up will rise the meander Jew
 Whom every nation should eschew.

And yet, O Muse, methinks I hear you say
 That inspiration does not lie that way,
 That we should turn to what might come to be
 If men united were in amity ;
 If politicians laid aside their tricks
 And ceased to deal out mutual kicks
 Or stand and say, " I told you so,
 That government will have to go !"
 If business men would cease to moan
 And see that profits are not theirs alone,
 If workers learnt to like the work they've got,
 Street corner orators would go to rot,
 Production take the wanted upward leap,
 And all consumer goods once more be cheap,
 So might the light of Britain's Golden Age
 Illuminate a fresh unsullied page,
 And if all nations pulled together then,
 Mankind might rear a race of super-men.
 —But when ?

D. H. EADIE (VI).

SPORTS DAY, 1947.

About once a year in the life of this school, there comes a period of frenzied activity amongst the members of the sixth form, who (for some obscure reason) willingly forfeit the enjoyment of their chemistry lessons, to promote an ancient endeavour known as The Marking of the Field. This preliminary to The Day has apparently undergone no great change since early times, and the equipment used becomes more dilapidated every year it is used. A party of boys making holes for the hurdle posts were made aware of this. They were using a single post to make the holes for the others, which were to come, and with one fell blow of the sledge hammer, one member of the gathering split it. On coming to the next spot and erecting the pole to make the hole, one member of the party remarked that " This one's broken as well." The entire group then downed tools to laugh over this amazing discovery.

Here then, we have an obvious reason for the fact that we begin preparing a fortnight before the day. The sixth form are not allergic to work ; they simply do not enjoy it, unless it is taken in small doses. Thus we see them wandering about on the morning of Sports Day, carefully avoiding any evidence of manual labour and administering stern correction to small boys who dare to approach the wire, the tightening of which cost much sweat (and mirth).

But enough of the way in which we prepared for Sports Day. Let us discourse on deeds that were done for the honour and glory of the three sides by their members, for indeed, hardly ever has so much excitement prevailed. Were not the Jackals determined to beat the Brownies, top-dogs from time immemorial ? (At least seven years, they would have us believe).

Reader, did you see the Relay Race ? Those who were not there missed more than a mere sporting event, for into this race is crammed the force of a lifetime. Each is determined to outstrip the man in front and each runs twice as fast as he ever thought he was able. Collectively and individually the teams fight for the head, and the crowd of spectators, frantic in their inability to assist their sides, simply shout. In fact, everyone shouts, except the three runners, some instructions, others imprecations, others for the mere joy of shouting. For all are bubbling over with exuberance. Is this not the last event and the greatest ? So shout, ye Jackals and ye Tomtits and yell yourselves hoarse, O Brownies, for the sport is fast and exceeding furious, and may the best man win ! Hurrah !

But let us return from Olympian digressions and consider the more concrete and no less important prize distribution. This year it was once more possible to present the winners with silver and bronze medals, instead of the Savings Stamps, which had been substituted for them during wartime. The Dowager Lady Throckmorton very kindly attended to present the shields, cups, trophies and medals. Following these presentations, the Old Scholars Guild handed to the Headmaster a handsome Cup, as a memorial to Miss E. Deans, to be the counterpart in Arts and Crafts competitions of the Victor Ludorum. This latter award had been eagerly contested and was won by McCarthy i, who bore away its shining magnificence amidst mighty shouts and acclamation from all sides.

In fact, this, the writer's last Sports Day, was so far removed from being the least as to merit the term " magnificent " being used, whenever its glorious battles are lost and won again in the years to come.

The results were as follows:—

(B, Brownies; J, Jackals; T, Tomtits).

SENIORS (over 14).

- 100 yards—1. Budden (T); 2. Wood i (J); 3. Hadwen i (B);
4. McCarthy i (B).
 220 yards—1. Budden (T); 2. Hadwen i (B); 3. McCarthy i (B);
4. Wood i (J).
 440 yards—1. McCarthy i (B); 2. Budden (T); 3. Gray i (J);
4. Hadwen i (B).
 Half-Mile—1. McCarthy i (B); 2. Gray i (J); 3. Eadie i (T);
4. Brookes (T).
 Slow Bicycle—1. Adkins i (B); 2. Williams (J); 3. Stevenson (B);
4. Mole (B).
 Obstacle—1. Hadwen i (B); 2. Wood i (J); 3. Blundell ii (J);
4. Eadie i (T).
 Hurdles—1. Budden (T); 2. Wood i (J); 3. McCarthy i (B); 4. Gittus (J).
 High Jump—1. Woodfield (B); 2. McCarthy i (B); 3. Wood i (J);
4. Gray i (J) (Height, 4 ft. 10½ ins.).
 Cross Country—1. McCarthy i (B); 2. Gray i (J); 3. Davies i (J);
4. Budden (T) (Time, 23 mins. 39 secs.).
 The Mile—1. McCarthy i (B); 2. Gray i (J); 3. Budden (T);
4. Eadie i (T). (Time, 5 mins. 12½ secs.).
 Long Jump—1. Budden (T); 2. Adkins i (B); 3. McCarthy i (B);
4. Baylis (B). (Distance, 16 ft. 11 ins.)
 Throwing the Cricket Ball—1. Horseman (T); 2. Woodfield (B);
3. Gray i (J); 4. Adkins ii (T). (Throw, 86 yds. 1 in.).

JUNIORS (12—14).

- 100 yards—1. Langston (B); 2. Hitchings (T); 3. Crawford (T);
4. Smalley (T).
 220 yards—1. Crawford (T); 2. Alder (B); 3. Savage iii (J); 4. Pearce (T).
 Half Mile—1. Savage iii (J); 2. Paddock (B); 3. Alder (B); 4. Turner (J).
 Slow Bicycle—1. Hitchings (T); 2. Yeomans ii (J); 3. Hill ii (T);
4. Edkins (B).
 Obstacle—1. Trout (J); 2. Savage ii (T); 3. Lyon-Smith ii (J);
4. Gray ii (T).
 Hurdles—1. Hitchings (T); 2. Payne ii (J); 3. Turner (J).
 High Jump—1. Pearce (T); 2. Payne ii (J); 3. Langston (B);
4. Gray ii (T). (Height, 3 ft. 10 ins.).
 Cross Country—1. Paddock (B); 2. Burden i (J); 3. Gray ii (T);
4. Crawford (T). (Time, 16 mins.).
 Long Jump—1. Alder (B) and Hitchings (T); 3. Edkins (B);
4. Payne ii (J). (Distance, 12 ft. 8 ins.).
 Throwing the Cricket Ball—1. Yeomans ii (J); 2. Turner (J);
3. Paddock (B); 4. Payne ii (J). (Throw, 55 yds. 2 ft.).

JUNIORS (under 12).

- 100 yards—1. Roe (B); 2. Paskins (B); 3. Wesson (B); 4. Weaver (B).
 Obstacle—1. Burden ii (J); 2. Sutor (J); 3. Weaver (B); 4. Crompton (J).
 Egg & Spoon—1. Crompton (J); 2. Feast (J); 3. Sutor (J); 4. Paskins (B).
 Sack—1. Lyon-Smith ii (J); 2. Blake (J); 3. Roe (B); 4. Weaver (B).
 Three-Legged—1. Feast and Burden ii (J); 2. Sutor and Lyon-Smith ii (J); 3. Compton and Davies iii (J); 4. Clark and Davies ii (T).

OTHER EVENTS.

Tug-of-War—1. Jackals; 2. Tomtits.

Relay (teams of 24)—1. Brownies; 2. Tomtits; 3. Jackals.

The following presentations were made :—

Victor Ludorum Cup—McCarthy i (84 points).

Silver Medals—Budden, Gray i, Paddock, Hitchings, Savage iii.

Bronze Medals—Hadwen i, Horseman, Wood i, Woodfield, Burden i, Crawford, Yeomans ii, Pearce, Langston, Roe.

Sports Shield—Jackals (293 points).

Brownies scored 274 points and Tomtits 245 points.

J.G.

SPORTS DAY INDOORS.

The Arts and Crafts competitions which have been maintained with comparative difficulty during recent years, proved this year to be very successful.

As usual, the weeks preceding Sports Day, 1947, bought a rush of feverish activity with last-minute finishing off of sports work, and the atmosphere in the school was fraught with an excitement which surpassed even that of former years. The results of the judging of the competitions were awaited with eager anticipation, by both boys and girls alike, and often the corridor was blocked by large crowds of eager juniors, craning their necks to obtain a first view of the lists of results.

Sports Day itself dawned bright and clear and the morning was spent by the senior girls in arranging the work in the various rooms. Contrary to custom, the History Room, this year, was devoted entirely to soft toys and leather work. The display was most impressive, for the girls, most of whom found soft toy making a fascinating hobby, had made an all-out effort and the amount exhibited necessitated having one whole room to display them to advantage.

Although the position of material has appreciably worsened since last year, the needlework came up to last year's standard in quantity and even excelled it in quality. There was a noticeable absence of boy's models, but some very good wood-work compensated to some extent for this. The art was well up to standard ; some of the posters, a notable feature, being of exceptional quality, and good design and execution were well in evidence.

There were some fine entries from Old Scholars again this year, mainly in the woodwork sphere.

Our appreciation and thanks are due to Miss Evans, for her untiring efforts, not only on this, but also on former Sports Days, in making the Arts and Crafts such a great success. Much of the burden of organisation and management falls on Miss Evans and she is indeed to be praised for developing and maintaining, often under difficult circumstances, this unique feature of the school, which has proved of such value to scholars even when school days are left far behind.

The following awards were made :—

Edith Deans Memorial Cup to Brenda Mitchell.

Trophies (presented by Miss Evans) to Brenda Mitchell, Sylvia Goulbourne, Sheila Woolley and Mavis Canning.

Silver Medals :—Sheila Woolley, McCarthy i, Sylvia Goulbourne, Mole, Dorothy Rose, Mary Rowland, Sonia Shore, Valerie Smith, Anne Hemming, Ann Perkins, Mavis Canning, Barbara Wadams, Jean Finnemore, Barbara Hewlett.

Bronze Medals :—Marian Collins, Eadie i, Janet Lane, Cynthia Bartlett, Josephine Preston, Anne Rutter, Diana Thompson, Janet Davies, Josephine Hancox, Cicely Hartwell, Jones, Rachel Kinnerley, Moira Peck, Vera Stallard, Joan Wyatt, Bridges, Pamela Feast, Perryman, Janet Arnold, Drusilla Mortimore, Gillian Winspear, Ann Chevasse, Barbara Druller, Beachus, Mary Williams.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Brownies, with 2,705 points ; the Tomtits were second with 2,533 points and the Jackals third with 1,794 points.

S.D.W.

WHAT IS IT ?

During the Whitsun holidays I went to visit an aunt of mine. While I was looking round the stables, she told me that she had something very extraordinary to show me. We went up into the loft and on the floor I saw a pile of twigs and rope, over four feet high. Some of the twigs are about two feet long. My aunt said that something had been adding to this pile for over a year. She had written to several experts, but they do not seem to know anything like it in the country.

It cannot be an animal, as the wall is very steep and the only way in is through a small hole in the wall, about twelve feet high. Every night my aunt puts out pieces of string and in the morning, they have always gone. Can anyone suggest an explanation of this mystery ?

JEAN ASPINWALL (Low. Va).

THE LITTLE CLOCK.

The little clock stood by the wall,
And no one noticed it at all,
The big clocks chimed, ding-dong, ding-dong,
And not one clock a minute wrong.
The little clock was lonely there,
But no one ever seemed to care,
Until a child came into the shop.
The sight of the little clock made her stop.
She bought it and took it to her home,
Which stood just by the big church dome,
And at her home the little girl saw
That the little clock was lonely no more.

GOWERS (Low. IVa).

SUMMER.

Now the summer has come at last,
All those dreary days have past,
Some people to the seaside go,
Others to the country flow.

Cars all tearing here and there,
Without any time at all to spare,
They want to get to the countryside,
Before the sun behind clouds does hide.

JOSEPHINE HOLDER (Upper IVc)

SPIRIT OF HARVEST PAST.

Harvest was here again. The cheerful rustling of the wind sighing through the golden corn, seemed to make the sun shine more brightly in the blue sky above, as with a song in my heart, I set out for the field which was to be harvested that day. The birds seemed to echo my thoughts and their whistling and twittering was heard merrily all around, and the grass-hoppers by the roadside answered in chorus.

As I was swinging along, I was met by a queer person who was ambling towards me with a tireless gait. His jacket was old, and so patched with varied colours, that the original was almost hidden; his trousers also showed signs of hard wear and were tied at the knee with a piece of string. This much I noticed, before he beckoned me to follow him. He turned down a side lane and I went after.

The lane was quiet and still, free from any noise of traffic, and it wound narrowly among the shady trees, such as no lane familiar to me ever did. At length, we came to a field where harvest was in progress. I rubbed my eyes. The field was crowded with men, young and old, bent-double among the corn, hard at work, with sickle and scythe. Hard at work, yet cheerful; for a song was borne over the corn to me by the breeze; a song which was being sung for the sole joy of the singing, a song which was an outpouring of their pleasure in reaping in the harvest.

My guide turned and tramped back down the lane and as we went he told me of the celebrations that would take place when the harvest was fully gathered in, the joy of the Harvest Home. How the workers would throng after the last waggon of corn, as it trundled up to the farmhouse, bearing on the top the last proud sheaf, gaily decorated; and how the workers would dance and sing and show their thanks for the harvest to the God who gave it. I thought what pleasure such festivities would give me, and wished that I could be there.

But no! we were out of the lane, into another world it seemed. My guide led me towards the field to which I had previously meant to go. The sounds of harvest reached us afar off. A spluttering tractor was doing its best to drown the song of the birds and the whisper of the wind in the trees. The field was now before us. The tractor was bumping across the field, collecting bags of wheat, but the huge combine harvester which should have been hard at work was standing idle beside the yet-uncut corn. Two men were bending over it, their greasy-black faces showing anxiety, as with oily hands they tinkered with the engine. A few more men were sitting by, lazily watching. No song was heard, no happiness could be seen on their faces. They were earning their living, their thoughts were not concerned with the miracle of harvest.

I watched for a while in silence ; then I looked at my companion. He smiled a queer smile, I smiled back ; I knew what he meant. Once more I looked at the field in front of me, with its ugly machinery and noise, but my mind's eye was seeing again that other field, where men laboured with a song on their lips, though with only sickles and scythes in their hands. Progress is not always a blessing. I looked for my guide, but he had gone ; back to the world to which he belonged, and left me to my regrets.

GRAY i (VI).

SIGHT SEEING AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

I had always heard so much about St. Paul's Cathedral that I wondered what it really was like and I was very thrilled to hear one day that I was actually going there.

On arriving at the Cathedral, we stopped to watch the crowds of pigeons walking at our feet. We walked up the steps in front of the cathedral and I thought how lovely it would be to see the carpet down on these steps when the Royal Family paid a visit to the cathedral.

We entered and on our left there were two chapels and one on our right. I was anxious to get right inside the cathedral and we made our way, stopping to look at the different monuments of famous men and read the inscriptions on them. At last we reached the centre of the Church and looked up into the beautiful dome. All round this dome there were paintings which represented the life of St. Paul. On looking round, I was sorry to see signs of bomb damage, which, however, was being repaired. When we had looked at the choir, I was anxious to go up to the Whispering Gallery. We went round and round and round, up the stone steps which were built in a huge pillar. Looking on the pillar from the outside, no one would ever guess that it contained an everlasting spiral staircase. We reached the Gallery and, passing round, we sat down, ears against the wall, to listen to a person speaking right over at the other end. We could hear his voice echoing very plainly from where we were, although we were so far away from him.

From there, we went round and round again, until we reached the Stone Gallery. My legs seemed to be moving without my control and I felt quite giddy, but how good it was to be out in the fresh air, looking down on the lovely views of London from such a height. The people and traffic seemed merely moving specks.

I noticed that even here on this gallery, visitors had scribbled everywhere, as they are accustomed to do, but it seemed a dreadful shame that they should do so on such a lovely building as this.

When we had rested for a time and watched the people below, all busy moving this way and that, we began our descent. I did make an attempt to count the steps, but gave up in despair. We reached the bottom at last, too tired for further sight-seeing that day. There was of course, a great deal of the Cathedral we had not seen, partly owing to the repairs taking place and because our legs would not carry us much longer.

However, despite aching limbs, I had spent a most enjoyable afternoon at this lovely Cathedral of St. Paul's.

JOSEPHINE FINDON (Low. Va.).

ORIENTAL WANDERINGS (concluded).

In November, 1944, I arrived in Calcutta, after a two-day rail journey from Delhi and my first impressions were of its noisy activity : streets and roads held a vast concourse of people and traffic. Calcutta might well be called the second city of Empire ; it might be the most congested city in the world, since to walk along its main thoroughfare, Chavringhee, is to be caught up in the whirl of Eastern life proper, with its countless numbers of persons jostling each other for right of way and with its chaos caused by the innate lack of road sense, peculiar to the Asiatic. I well remember seeing Calcutta for the first time by night, the myriads of lights shining above the indistinguishable babble of diverse languages and the hurrying of the ever-present taxi driven by the bearded Sikh, who fared well on the money of pleasure loving Europeans.

Calcutta is notorious for its climate, a heavy, sticky heat which completely overcomes the powers of human resistance. It was as a result of this weather that I first experienced the rigours of the well known disease, " prickly heat ;" this produces the feeling that one is being stabbed with thousands of pins and at the same time one marvels at the glorious scarlet rash which clothes one's body.

While stationed in Bengal, I was able to pay a visit to the town of Jarishedpore, which has been built by Tata, the Indian steel magnate, for his employees. The town could be likened to any English suburb and its peace and cleanliness is in contrast to the remainder of India.

It was with great relief that in July, 1945, I set sail for Ceylon, for I knew that here I should enjoy coolness once again. I eventually arrived in Kandy, chosen by Mountbatten for his Headquarters, and a town which used to be the royal city of Ceylon and the capital before it became a British possession in 1815. The people of Ceylon are mainly Buddhist and it is in connection with a religious Festival that I have my most vivid recollection of Ceylon.

I was fortunate to witness the annual procession of the Esala Perahera, held in August. This celebration centres on the Temple of the Tooth, in Kandy, in which is housed a casket containing a tooth of Buddah and which is, of course, a shrine sacred to the Buddhist. The festival commemorates the victory of the gods over the demons, when they interceded on behalf of mankind, in a legendary battle, and during its ceremonies, the sacred tooth of Buddha is carried in procession. I saw this spectacle in the evening, when it was conducted in the light of flaming naked torches ; it was composed of hundreds of dancers and drummers, torch and flag bearers and elephants ceremonially attired (I counted sixty-two of these animals) and indeed the whole procession took thirty-five minutes to pass me ! It was an experience I shall never forget.

My time in Kandy was limited to three months, but during that time, I managed to have leave in Nuwara Eliya, a hill station amid tea plantations. Then in November, 1945, I set sail for Singapore.

Singapore weaves a spell around the fortunate individual who finds himself within its bounds ; it possesses some strange charm which gains hold and causes one who has spent any time there, to long for a return to its all embracing welcome.

In the early days of the re-occupation, Singapore was a city of bowing Japanese and of fantastic prices (I once paid the equivalent of 1/- for a piece of bread and butter). When I left in March of this year, the city was fast regaining its pre-war prosperity and prices were falling rapidly. The beauty of Singapore lies in its stately buildings. How I loved the broad sweep of the Municipal Buildings, upon whose steps Mountbatten received the Japanese surrender, and the ancient stone pile of St. Andrew's Cathedral, standing in its grounds. I feel nostalgic at the thought of the friendliness I received from members of the Chinese, Malayan and Eurasian communities, which make up the population of Singapore, and also at the thought of that glorious climate tempered by the breezes blowing in from the sea.

Travel in the Far East has much to offer to us of the Western world and my three years of wandering have provided me with a vast store of pleasant memories of my contact with the Orient and its peoples. P.H.R.

(*The earlier instalment of this article appeared in the RECORD of April, 1946. Ed.*).

MORNING.

When we wake up in the morning,
And the sun is shining bright,
The birds are singing in the trees,
To welcome back the light.
Flowers have lifted up their heads,
To greet the sunshine coming through.
Cattle are lowing in their sheds,
To greet this morning bright and new.

EILEEN LAWRENCE (Upp. IVb).

A DAY AT SCHOOL.

Our third form room when we are there,
Has such a happy, cheerful air,
We all arrive at ten to nine,
And then we all stand in line.

We have our break at eleven a.m.,
And then it's back to work again.
At half-past twelve there's one mad rush,
Into dinner, what a crush !

The afternoon drags slowly by,
But you will never hear a sigh ;
We do our work with utmost care,
And never stop to talk or stare.

Half-past three comes round at last,
And aren't we glad the day has passed ?
Into the 'bus we climb and tumble,
And home we go with a roar and rumble.
GILLIAN SMITH (IIIb).

THE CLIMBER.

It was a hot day. The sun shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky. Frederick was tired, he was also very hungry. He had not eaten for ages, and there was now a great mountain to climb. Frederick was armed with the necessary equipment for climbing. So he thought he would climb after he had had a rest and have a good feed at the top.

After a rest, he set out ; it was hard going, for it was so hot, and the mountain paths were so slippery, just like glass. He took one step forward and then slid back two steps. He kept on for what seemed to him half-an-hour. At last, he came to a ridge about half-way up the mountain. Here he rested awhile and then started off again, making the same progress as before. At length he reached the top and there he sighted his old friend Mr. Bartholomew Bluebottle.

" Well, if it isn't my old friend, Freddie Fly," cried Mr. Bartholomew Bluebottle, " I'm delighted to see you, my dear fellow. Fancy meeting you up here."

" If it comes to that, what are you doing up here ? "

" Oh I often come up, the food is so good here. Just take a lick at that jam."

Frederick did so. " Well," he began, when—bang.

Frederick and Bartholomew shot out of the window.

" Look, Mummy " said a little voice, " I've frightened two flies."

MY BUN.

It was a winter's evening,
And all my work was done,
So I before the cake shop door
Was eating up a bun.

But suddenly I gave a cry ;
'Twas heard by everyone.
The news went round that I had found
A currant in my bun.

DOREEN ETELL (Low. IVa).

BUSY SWIFTS.

The swifts and swallows are here again,
Swooping to get their insect food.
They swoop much lower in the rain,
But higher when the weather's good.

They gather insects all the day,
For hungry chicks before they fly away.
JEAN KINNERSLEY (Rem.).

BIRDS.

As I went through a wood one day,
I came across a little jay.
I looked, and saw up in a tree a nest
And soon the mother came to rest.

I went again another day,
And found the birds had flown away.
So I shall go again next year,
But I shall not find them there, I fear.

FEAST (IIIa).

HATS.

I don't like wearing hats, and I never wear one except to school or church. I always find it a difficulty to get my size in hats. Whenever I go into a shop to try to get a hat, they have one a size smaller, but not the size I want. My head must be quite big, because, when I put on my friend's hat, it was nothing like big enough, though when she put on mine, she could hardly see.

The black hat that I have at present is some years old, and has, therefore, no stiffness at all, and many small holes. So now I shall have to go hat-hunting once more, and am hoping to find one my size before I want to wear a black one again.

I have just started to wear my white summer hat, which also is none too big. Perhaps it is not surprising that I don't like wearing hats.

JILL KEMPSTER (Low. IVa.).

WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE TO ?

At my home I have quite a big bath in which I keep some newts, which I had caught in a brook close by—four in all. I put plenty of weed and water in to make it look as much like its own surroundings as possible. I took quite an interest in them and my pet dog did also. My dog started drinking their water, but I cured him of that. The cat next door is very inquisitive and she does not like the dog. One day, she jumped into the bath after being chased by the dog, and it was after this that the strange happenings started. The next day I went to look at my newts, but I could only find three. I looked the next day and the same thing happened. This kept going on till I had only one left. This only one I have kept for a long time, but I still can't understand where the others have gone to.

PATRICIA ELMORE (IIIa).

VISIT TO THE TAR DISTILLERY.

On Wednesday, 14th May, a party consisting of the Sixth Form Science boys and three Upper Fifth boys, accompanied by Mr. Thornton and Mr. Hadwen visited the plant of the Midland Tar Distillers at Oldbury.

On arrival at the works, two guides were provided and the party was divided into two sections.

In the laboratory, specimens of the raw material, coal tar, were displayed, and also the various products, each stage in the production being carefully explained. The control panel for the laboratory still aroused much interest. The guides demonstrated how the temperature at any important point may be read simply by throwing a switch, and how automatic records were made.

In the works itself, the guides explained the apparatus and the products passing through it at each point. The process being one of distillation, much need not be said, except that, as the guides frequently pointed out, it was a different matter in the works handling tons rather than a few cubic centimetres as in the laboratory, and the plant did seem rather strange. The huge wells of tar and creosote impressed upon the whole party the vast quantities of substances handled. The boiler-room, where pitch, the final substance left in the retorts, was burnt while still molten to produce steam to operate the machinery, made so much noise that one could not hear another speak inside.

The guides also showed the party a new part of the works, constructed during the war by the Ministry of Supply, primarily for the production of Toluene for explosives.

After the tour of the works, tea was provided in the canteen. All present agreed that the visit had been most interesting and instructive.

NATIONAL SAVINGS.

The total of savings for the six months ending March 31st, 1947, was £279 16s. 6d., which brought the total for the financial year to £392 9s. 6d.

From September, 1946, to March, 1947, the average weekly savings were £15 10s. 11d., but I am afraid that the total for the present six months will fall far short of these figures. Since March 31st, only £8 9s. 6d. has passed through my hands, which represents the poor average of £1 8s. 3d. saved per week.

Any information which may be required about the new issue of National Savings Certificates can be obtained from leaflets which I have received. Please note that your new certificate costs you only 10/- and you may possess 1,000 of these HOWEVER many 15/- or £1 certificates you already hold.

MISS YOUNG,

(*Hon. Sec.*).

CRICKET.

Captain—Mole.

Hon. Sec.—Steveni i.

Vice-Captain—Adkins i. *Committee Member*—McCarthy i.

A large number of changes have had to be made in the Cricket XI., as six members of last year's team have left. However, a fairly strong team has been found. The first match was a promising start for the season, as it resulted in a decisive victory over Chipping Campden. This was followed by another fine win at Stratford.

We are hoping for a long spell of good weather, so that the rest of our matches may be played under equally pleasant conditions.

The School XI. has been represented by Mole, Steveni i, Woodfield, McCarthy i, Evans, Hunt i, Holifield, Mills, Adkins i, Hill i, Horseman, Adkins ii, Gittus and Hadwen i.

Results.

- A.G.S. v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 112 for 2—53.
- v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (away), won, 57—36.
- v. Old Scholars XI. (home), lost, 94 for 9 (decl.)—118.
- v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), drawn, 21 for 6—102 for 6 (decl.)
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 22—89.
- v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (home), lost, 96—158.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 32—34 for 1.

TENNIS, 1947.

Captain—M. Rowland.

In our first two matches this term, the team has been very successful, winning both easily. As yet we have not tried the second team, but we are expecting good results in their matches in the near future.

This term has seen the return of the division system, which once again has created much enthusiasm among the girls, providing them with challenges as a more interesting form of lunch-hour sport.

Many thanks are due to Miss Careless and Mrs. Petherbridge, who have so efficiently organised the teams and the matches.

The school has been represented this term by Josephine Preston, Janet Kerby, Joyce Garner, Zena Mason, Brenda Harris and Mary Rowland.

Results.

- A.G.S. 1st VI. v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 7 sets—2 sets.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won, 6 sets—3 sets.
v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 3 sets—6 sets.
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost, 3 sets—6 sets.
v. Worcester C.H.S. (home), lost, 2 sets—7 sets.
v. Old Scholars (home), lost, 7 sets—11 sets.
2nd VI. v. Worcester C.H.S. 2nd (home), won, 5 sets—4 sets.

Sides Matches.

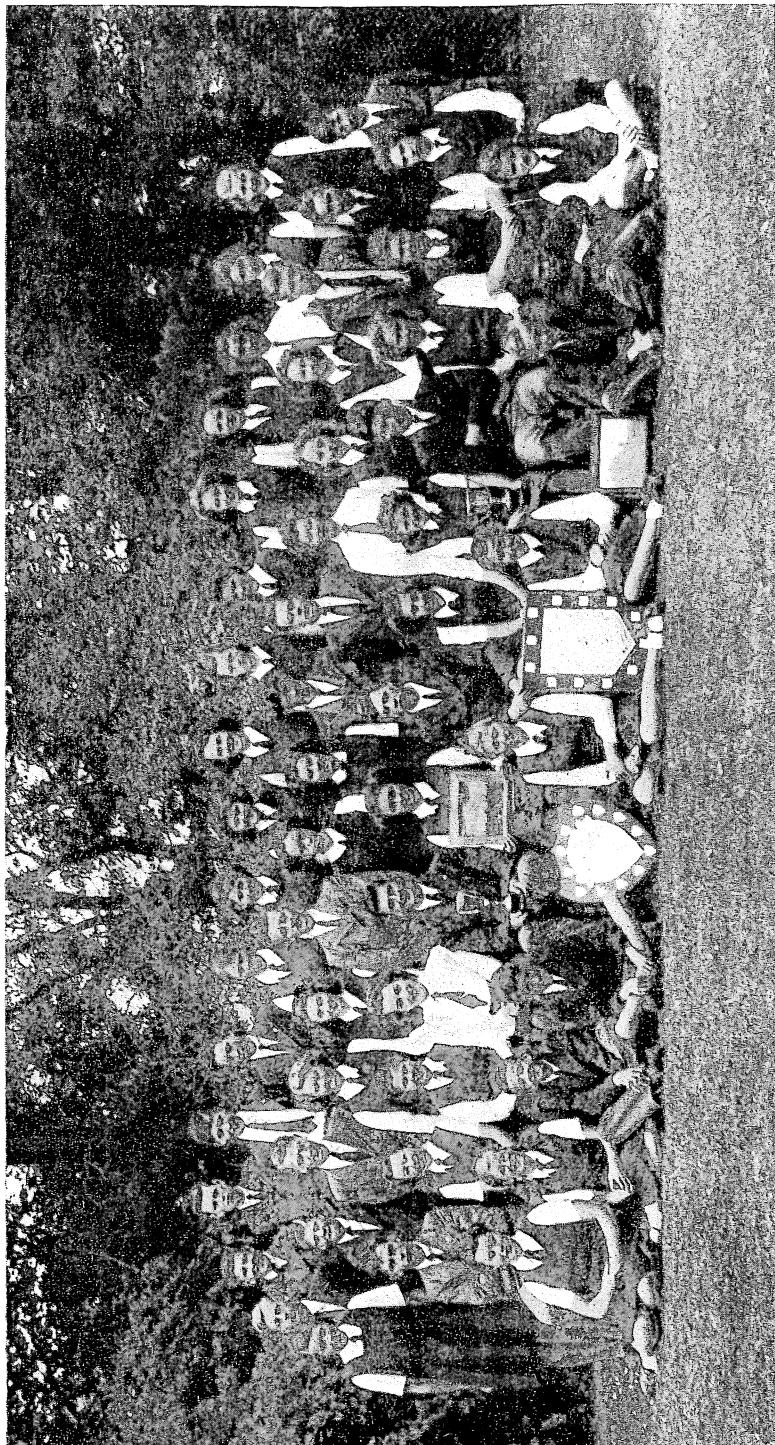
Jackals beat Tomtits, 5 sets to 4 ; Tomtits beat Brownies, 8 sets to 1.
Jackals beat Brownies, 9 sets to 0.

M.R.

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